

## SIDE LIGHTS ON THE NEWS OF THE DAY

## BEHIND THE SCENES

AT

## "The Rogers Brothers"

THE writer's first impression of life behind the scenes at Rogers Brothers was one of wonder at the air of almost solemn quiet and order that prevailed. Surely this could not be the aggregation that on the stage simply revelled in boisterous fun. But it was, and the explanation for the young-ladies-seminary-atmosphere, as given later by Stage Manager Arthur V. Gibson, was this:

"The drollest humorists on the stage are and always have been the quietest. We believe in reserving our comedies for the audience, and the less exuberance our chorus girls waste when at leisure, the more they have to draw upon when presenting in public. Therefore, while we have no overbearing rules, our chorus girls know they are expected to act like well-behaved young women and they do so."

They certainly did. Not once did the writer observe a foot lifted above the normal walking point, and they almost spoke in whispers.

"I beg your pardon," said clever Gertrude Saye once, with a gentle inclination of the head, when she was obliged to pass in front of the Man Behind the Scenes.

"Tray excuse me," whispered chic Clara Franton close behind, and so it went until the writer side-stepped behind a wing where he could take notes without bobbing about in an interchange of polite apologies.

Presently Miss Hattie Williams (the star, mind you) passed out from her dressing-room with her arm thrown affectionately about the waist of a humble little chorus girl. Before Miss Williams answered her cue she patted the other on the cheek and kissed her.

"Do the stars usually kiss the chorus girls?" I asked Mr. Gibson.

"Frequently," he replied, "there is no line of distinction in this company behind the scenes."

Wonder of wonders! Max and Gus Rogers were taking turns "punching the bag" when seen in their dressing-room.

"We do it for our health," said Max. "You see, we exercise our wind so hard off with our legs if we didn't even things up."

"He means," said Gus, "that we would

## THE DUCHESS'S TRESSES.

ON examining a cabinet where the Duke of Marlborough just died had kept all his most valued things, the Duchess found a mass of her own hair. Then, while tears blinded her, she remembered the day long years before, when, furious because he deceived her, she resolved to mortify him, and knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had impulsively cut it from her head. The shorn tresses had been left in a room through which he must pass and in a place where he must see them. But he came and went, saw, and spoke to her, showing neither anger, sorrow, nor surprise. When he next quitted the house she ran to secure her tresses, but they had vanished, and, on a consultation with her looking-glass, she saw how foolish a thing she had done. But she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did he, and she never knew what had become of them till they were found by her after his death among those things he held most precious. Holroyd's New Life of the Duchess of Marlborough.

## FIVE-MINUTE FORUM.

Artistic Dressmaking.  
(Phases of Life in London Chronicle.)

Artistic dressmaking offers wide and varied fields for the capriciousness of clever women of taste and education. There is scarcely a single town, country district or suburb, in which well-to-do middle-class people are resident, where a really expert woman would not be welcomed and assured of a good living within a couple of years. The very wealthy woman who is clothed by an expensive dressmaker getting her models from Paris is fairly well catered for to-day; but the average middle-class woman with good taste, willing to pay a fair price for her dresses, has no alternative to the average tasteless, incompetent dressmaker whose sole notion of the art of dress is derived from the fashion plates, who knows nothing of the laws of line and color and fitness, and cares nothing for individuality and that harmony between dress and wearer which is the secret of beautiful dress. There are hundreds of women of taste who detect the hard, ill-made costume, and would gladly and gratefully see evolved a graceful, feminine yet serviceable work-a-day dress. The uses to which inexpensive stuffs, serges and home-spun, may be put in the hands of a woman of exquisite taste have been shown us. There is simply an immense continent here; but the artistic dressmaker must be a woman of really artistic ideas and feelings, with an unerring eye for color and personality, and she must be trained.

The Hospitable Hostess.  
(Quoted by La War in Chicago Tribune.)

There can certainly be little question that never was hospitality more freely exercised than now. Hospitality comes quite naturally to some, and the ease with which they dispense it adds to its charm. Such hostesses seem to guess the slightest wishes of their guests instinctively; they forestall their wants, do not force them to do things they evidently do not wish, and have the tact to leave them to follow their own devices. A hostess by her charm of manner and good sense prevents any animosity between her guests, she renders their visit agreeable by her charming conversation. She stimulates a natural freedom of manner without constraint in those around her. In all these little points lies her power. By affability "she rules." She suggests, yet firmly leads. If, on the other hand, a hostess has all laid down in her house by matter-of-fact rule, and allows her guests no freedom of action, however hospitable she may be, all hangs fire—still more so if the hostess looks cross, worried or annoyed, not exercising her powers of self-restraint, and showing by her manner that she is bored with the whole thing. This naturally reacts on the guests, who on their side are equally bored.

## THE HISTORY OF EARRINGS.

EARRINGS, with an outbreak of which we are threatened, have been a fad for generations. A hundred years ago they were general. That was a time when ladies thought more of their ears than of their waists. Earrings, once and simple, were not looked at. They were hidden under bonnet-strings and under bands of hair, says the London Daily News, and were of no account except to hang jewels in. These jewels were pendant, very long, very heavy, very handsome. They were to be admired for themselves, and not as ornaments to set off the pretty little ears from which they hung. These were in the early Victorian days, when we all looked to "regular features" for beauty, and did not consider ears features at all. Gradually English girls got to realize that they possessed one of the prettiest ears in the world. Once convinced of this and they yielded easily to the conviction—the problem was how to make the most of them.

The girls took a middle course. They cut off the pendants and used only the little snap or button, which made the

## MARKETS UNSETTLED.

This world is full of downs and ups; like Bill Swaggle's bag of pups. He couldn't sell or give away. Or swap 'em off on market day.

"It's strange," said Bill. "It's strange to tell. When all went dogs I've pups to sell; bring 'em dogs and they all want pups. This world is full of downs and ups."

Then quoth the vender of dressed hogs: "Why don't you fetch both pups and dogs?"

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DELOD NEWS.

It appears that there are no restaurants in London for women wage-earners which are at once cheap and respectable. The tea shops which working girls patronize offer "a worse than useless fare that produces anaemia and its disastrous consequences." This lack would seem to offer an excellent opportunity for another American invasion—this time of the "white label" restaurants which are now so numerous and so prosperous in New York, and at which it is possible to get a most nutritious meal for a small expenditure. Their menu is an elaborate expansion of the "coffee and sinkers" specialties with which they began their appeal to the public.

Of what a girl's noonday lunch should consist is still a topic for debate. It used to be held that a warm lunch with meat was best for hard-worked stenographers and saleswomen, but the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs has just pronounced officially to the contrary. "The essential need of the whole American people," say these reformers, "is a vegetarian diet." Perhaps a couple of bananas, if they encounter the right quality of gastric juice, contain enough nutriment for an afternoon's work. As for the once derided chocolate eclaire, since the Governments of Germany, England and the United States have sanctioned the use of sugar as an important part of the soldier's ration, we have learned that it is not so reprehensible an article of diet as was supposed.

"Which are you backing, Low or Shepard?" "I'd make a fortune if I could play either one of them for straight and place."

At the time of his death, last Monday, Mr. Daniel Reinhard, of Bath, Pa., was a good man seventy years old and weighing 193 pounds. If weight can be added to the obituary testimonials offered by his late neighbors, it will probably be through the eight sons surviving him.

"My dear madam, you should always share your husband's burdens."

"But, parson, you surely don't want me to share such loads as he usually brings home."

A writer in a household magazine finds that "few women nowadays become healthy and robust mothers" and babies are deteriorating all because of errors of diet. She should visit the Five Points outdoor baby show on a bright Sunday and see the chubby bambinos, fat and

who tip the scales at an aggregate of close to 2,500 pounds. There are other children—three of them—but they must be considered on other merits than those of avoirdupois. Physiologists are invited to consider the fact that Mr. Reinhard and the eight acquired their heaviness at the work of marble cutting, which has not ranked as a fattening occupation.

"They say more proposals are made in Central Park than anywhere else in New York."

"Among the park bridal paths, I suppose."

A Jersey City pastor is under the impression that the cooking class which he has instituted in his church is an entire novelty. He has fallen into the old error of supposing that there can be something new under the sun. Every careful student of orthodox theology and its history knows that the griddle has been held prominent in church work for countless long ages.

"They say rain falls on the just and the unjust alike."

"Not always. For the latter usually steal the farmers' umbrellas."

The same Western woman's club that declares most mental ailments due to overindulgence in meat condemns the works of Bertha M. Clay for their "fleshliness." This is carrying the vegetarian idea into fiction with a vengeance. What a moral world we shall have when the reformers get through with it!

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hearty, that are on exhibition there. They speak well of the value of a diet of spaghetti and polenta.

"That healer insulted my honor! He actually dared to offer me \$5 for my vote."

"I don't blame you for getting mad. If he won't give you \$10, don't vote at all."

The most formidable "American invasion" of England is that of the cigarette. It dwarfs in importance Sir Walter Raleigh's importation of the pipe. If we can furnish John Bull with his tobacco we need not care who makes his locomotives or builds his bridges.

"Your flat is no bigger than a bandbox, yet I never hear you complain."

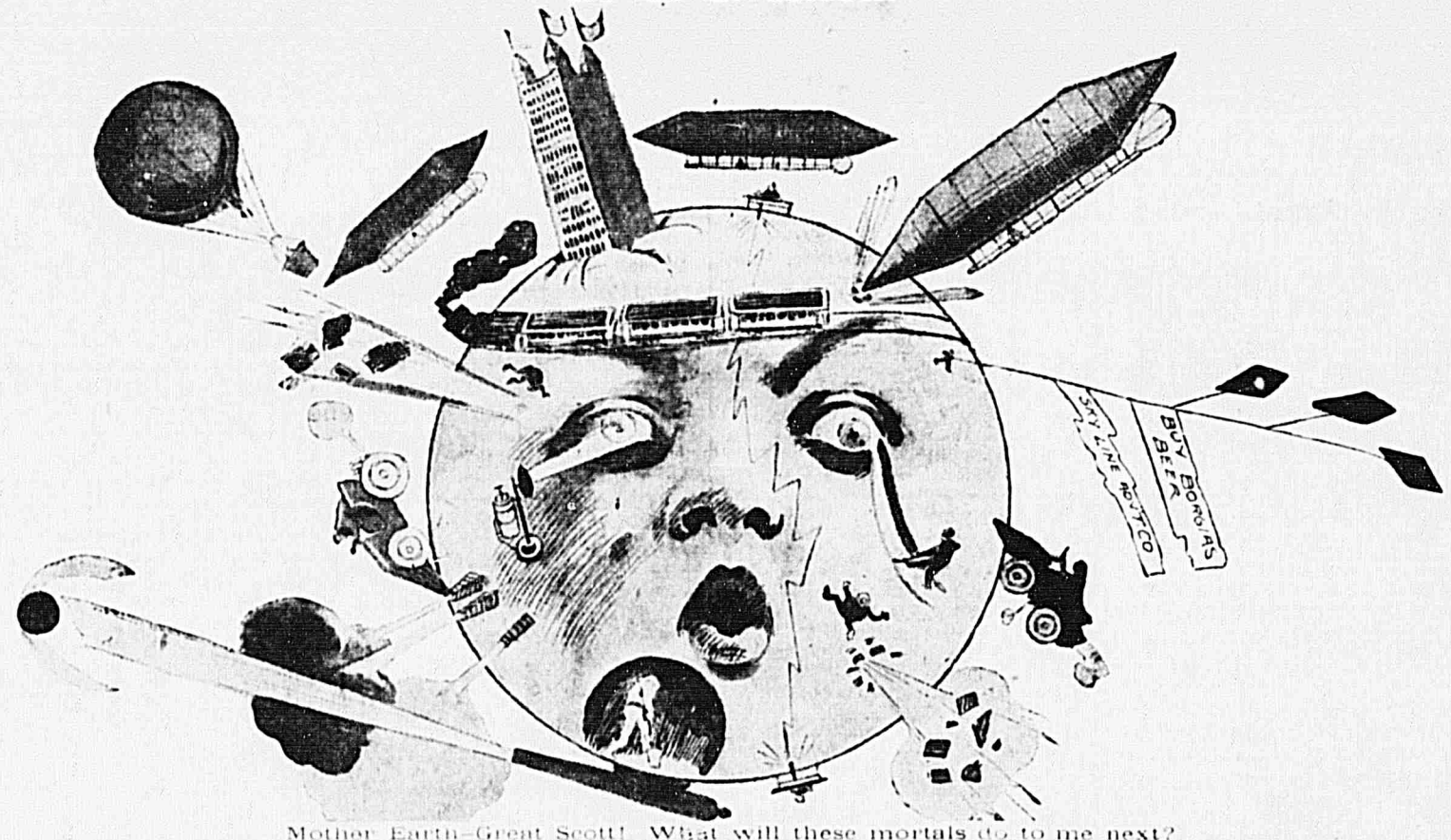
"It's so small there isn't even room for complaint."

To realize adequately one phase of the progress of New York in the last quarter of a century walk by the Grand Central Hotel, on Broadway, near Bond street, on the main staircase of which Stokes shot Fisk, and then cast the mind's eye, in the conventional way, up to the palatial Netherlands, which ends the series of magnificent hotels on the east side. Then deflect the vision to the northwest, to Seventy-fourth street, where another Stokes is erecting what is legitimately claimed to be "the largest apartment hotel in the world."

It is a wonderful panorama of hotel progress since the time, less than a generation, when the St. Nicholas, the Metropolitan, the Brevoort and the New York offered entertainment but slightly, if at all, inferior in elegance—certainly not in hospitality—to the Fifth Avenue, Hoffman and Brunswick of what is now relatively the same downtown hotel district. It is a wonderful change, and not the least interesting feature of it is the corresponding increase of the travelling public, which keeps these great caravansaries constantly filled to overflowing.

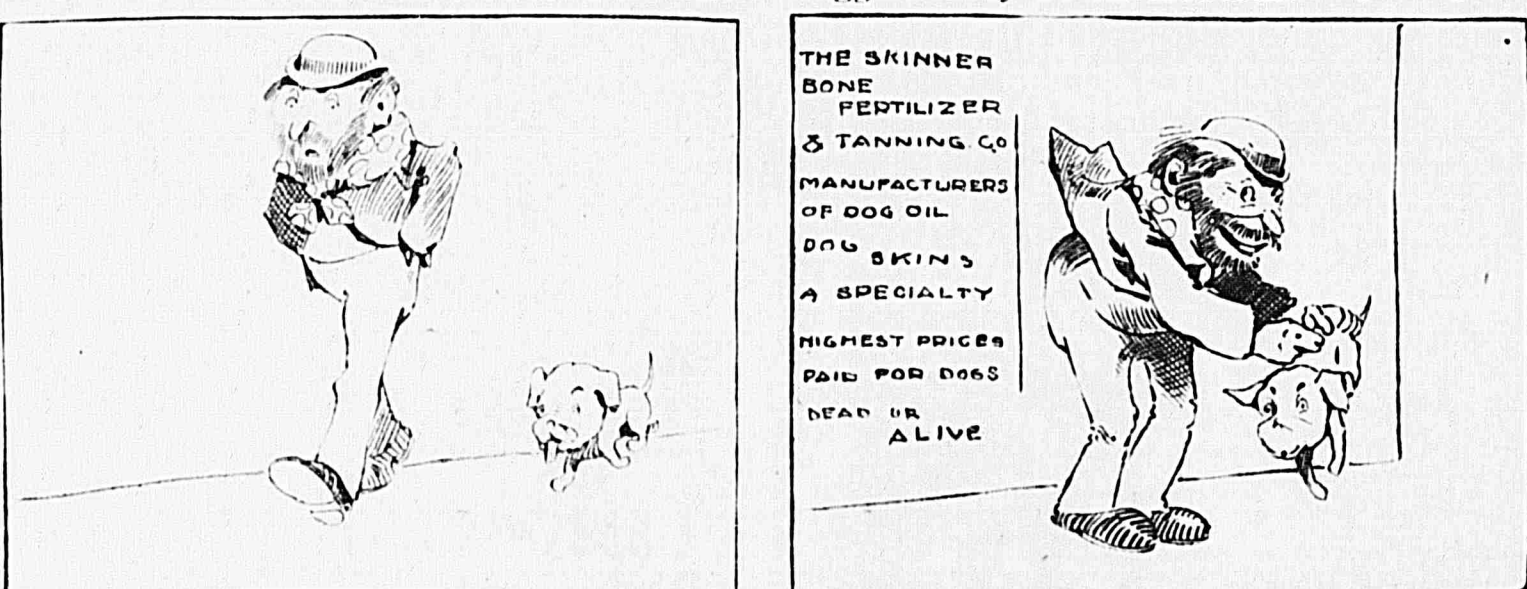
## A PROTEST FROM HEADQUARTERS.

BY H. T. SMITH.

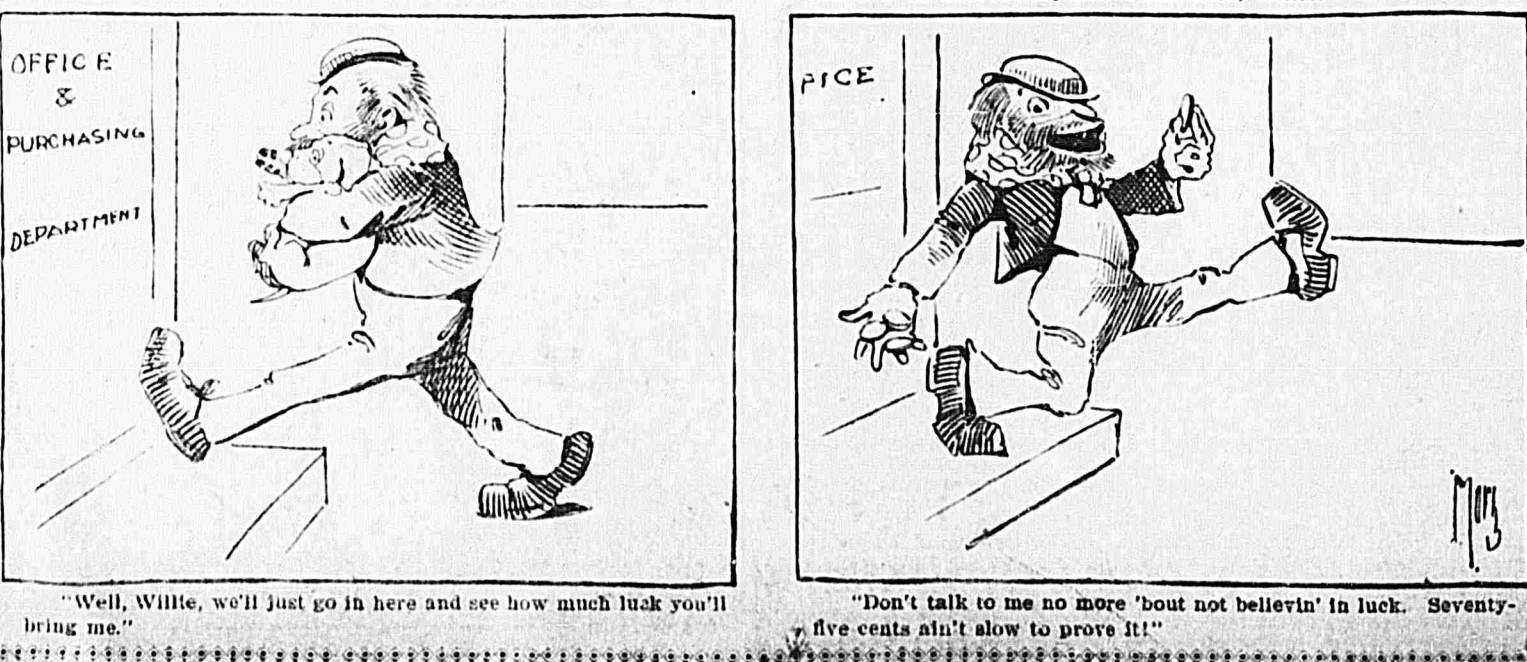


Mother Earth—Great Scott! What will these mortals do to me next?

## A SUPERSTITION PROVED.—Suggestion by F. M. Howarth.



Hungry Hawkins—Dey say dat to have a yaller dog foller yer is good luck, but I don't see where no luck can come fer me.



"Well, Willie, we'll just go in here and see how much luck you'll bring me."

"Don't talk to me no more 'bout not bellerin' in luck. Seventy-five cents ain't slow to prove it!"

TO-DAY'S LOVE STORY.  
LOVE TORTURED.

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE story was the sensation of Vienna when it was stationed at the Russian Embassy there," said St. Clair, the Russian diplomat, to Pereira, the theatrical manager. "At that time there lived in the city a specialist in heart diseases, Dr. Theodore Arnold, a man about forty years old, who had a host of patients. Physically he was an Apollo."

"One day Dr. Arnold was called to attend the daughter of a Russian family, named Skelelow. The expert physician at once detected a dangerous heart disease."

"Dr. Arnold fell passionately in love with Masha Skelelow, his patient. He sued for her hand, was accepted, and the marriage took place within a month. Immediately after the wedding the Skelelows left Vienna to seek table d'hôte in other cities."

"One day the doctor found a package of letters."

"Which brought the husband the conviction that he had been betrayed?" interrupted Pereira.

"Certainly."

"The husband, of course, wreaks vengeance."

"Masha," continued St. Clair, "was not entirely restored to health, though Dr. Arnold had treated her for more than two years. As gradual as was her convalescence, so gradual was her decline. This was the physician's revenge."

"Before half a year had elapsed the attacks of his wife-patient were of daily occurrence, the beating of the heart became almost audible, the disease had full sway. The end came soon enough. One night Dr. Arnold roused into the house and, acting like a maniac, he screamed: 'Madame, I know all. Captain von Blawitz is your lover!'"

"He is in a sanitarium repeating the plot of the drama in incoherent fashion."

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DELOD NEWS.

Artistic dressmaking offers wide and varied fields for the capriciousness of clever women of taste and education. There is scarcely a single town, country district or suburb, in which well-to-do middle-class people are resident, where a really expert woman would not be welcomed and assured of a good living within a couple of years. The very wealthy woman who is clothed by an expensive dressmaker getting her models from Paris is fairly well catered for to-day; but the average middle-class woman with good taste, willing to pay a fair price for her dresses, has no alternative to the average tasteless, incompetent dressmaker whose sole notion of the art of dress is derived from the fashion plates, who knows nothing of the laws of line and color and fitness, and cares nothing for individuality and that harmony between dress and wearer which is the secret of beautiful dress. There are hundreds of women of taste who detect the hard, ill-made costume, and would gladly and gratefully see evolved a graceful, feminine yet serviceable work-a-day dress. The uses to which inexpensive stuffs, serges and home-spun, may be put in the hands of a woman of exquisite taste have been shown us. There is simply an immense continent here; but the artistic dressmaker must be a woman of really artistic ideas and feelings, with an unerring eye for color and personality, and she must be trained.

There can certainly be little question that never was hospitality more freely exercised than now. Hospitality comes quite naturally to some, and the ease with which they dispense it adds to its charm. Such hostesses seem to guess the slightest wishes of their guests instinctively; they forestall their wants, do not force them to do things they evidently do not wish, and have the tact to leave them to follow their own devices. A hostess by her charm of manner and good sense prevents any animosity between her guests, she renders their visit agreeable by her charming conversation. She stimulates a natural freedom of manner without constraint in those around her. In all these little points lies her power. By affability "she rules." She suggests, yet firmly leads. If, on the other hand, a hostess has all laid down in her house by matter-of-fact rule, and allows her guests no freedom of action, however hospitable she may be, all hangs fire—still more so if the hostess looks cross, worried or annoyed, not exercising her powers of self-restraint, and showing by her manner that she is bored with the whole thing. This naturally reacts on the guests, who on their side are equally bored.

EARRINGS, with an outbreak of which we are threatened, have been a fad for generations. A hundred years ago they were general. That was a time when ladies thought more of their ears than of their waists. Earrings, once and simple, were not